



"IN DUMB SIGNIFICANTS PROCLAIM YOUR THOUGHTS."—SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. V.

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No. 13.

WATCHING FOR FATHER.

THERE'S a little face at the window
And two dimpled hands on the pane;
And somebody's eyes are fixed upon
The gate at the end of the lane.

The hills have caught the shadow
Which heralds the coming night,
And the lane, with its flowering fringe grows dim
To the watcher's anxious sight.

Where, half way down,
Like a glittering crown,
A fire-fly band have clustered
Round an aster's leaf—
A royal chief—
A driven herd have mustered.

Away behind,
With a busy mind,
But a step that is light and free,
And a sunburnt face
On which the trace
Of hard days work you see,

Comes the father home from toil.
Driving the cows before him;
And the child-eyes, strained at the window there,
Were the first in the house that saw him.

Ah! would, when the day is done
And I leave my cares behind me,
I could have such a pair of winsome eyes
Searching the night to find me!

—The Evening Post.

A LITTLE PRINCE OF A FAR COUNTRY.

[Funny Roper Feudge in *Hearth and Home*.]

DID you ever hear of such a name or title for a little boy as "Royal Hair Pin?" But this was really one of the titles borne by the late King of Siam during his childhood; and I will tell you how he came by it. A hair-pin, in oriental lands, is a very important, a very costly, and a very honorable portion of a prince's dress. It is important because used to confine a long tuft of hair on the foretop of the head that would otherwise hang inconveniently before the eyes; costly, because composed of pure gold, and set with diamonds, pearls and other precious stones; and honorable, because the head of an Eastern prince is always deemed sacred, and whatever comes in contact with it is thereby rendered holy. So when a loving father gives to his darling little son the name of Chau Chudha Mani, or "Royal Hair Pin," you will readily believe that it means something more than mere caprice. King Phin Den Klang, the father, did not take a queen until late in life, and he

was quite an old man when his two little sons were born. They were named respectively Chau Fa Yai, "Exalted Prince the Elder," and Chau Fa Noi, "Exalted Prince the Younger;" but the titles by which they were always addressed in their youth were Chan Fa Mongkut, "Royal crown," and Chau Chadha Mani, "Royal Hair Pin," the two most sacred objects the old King could think of as indicative of his tender regard for his dear little sons.

They were lovely, black-eyed little boys—the elder quiet, thoughtful, and studious, and the younger brave, ardent and very affectionate in disposition. It is of the second, especially, that I wish to tell you in this little sketch, and there are many incidents told of his boyish life that are more honorable than his lofty titles; and traits of character that far outshone his princely rank. I learned many of these incidents from an old priest who used often to visit me when I was living at the Siamese capital. He had been one of the tutors of the royal boy, and he seemed never weary of telling how wise and good and gracious his little pupil had always been.

Once when the little "Hair Pin" was only six years old, as he sat perched on his father's knee enjoying his usual romp before retiring for the night, one of the judges came in to learn the King's pleasure in regard to a daring robber who had been taken with great difficulty and after the fiercest resistance. The sovereign and the judge conversed together for some time, the judge advising the immediate execution of the criminal, and the King, agreeing that he deserved no mercy, was about to give orders for the fatal sentence to be carried out. The little Prince, who had been listening attentively to every word of the conversation, now burst into tears, and, clasping his dimpled arms about his father's neck, said: "Please, papa, don't kill the poor bad man. I will take him for one of my boatmen, and teach him to be good." Then turning to the culprit, who lay prostrate, in shame and terror, at the lower end of the saloon, the sweet child said, entreatingly: "You won't be wicked any more, will you?" So the wee prince became security for the daring robber, and he was pardoned. The King and everybody else thought the bad man would be sure to go on in his evil courses; but they were all mistaken. He began a new life from that hour, and lived to old age a faithful and trusted follower of the noble young master who had saved his life and believed his promises to reform.

Not very long after this, while the little Prince was out in his boat for an airing on the river, his boatman carelessly upset a small sampan that contained a pedler of glass and crockery, with his entire stock in trade. The man was not hurt, for these natives all swim, but his whole fortune, being invested in the frail wares he carried in his boat, was lost by the unlucky accident. The royal child, with a thoughtfulness beyond his years, observed the whole affair, and bade his own boatmen turn about and row toward the spot where the poor pedler, having just succeeded in righting his little craft and getting aboard, sat in bewildered grief gazing

down at the depths where lay all his lost treasures. Gently addressing the poor man, the little Prince bade him present himself at the royal palace within an hour; and then ordered his own boat home, though he had just set out for an afternoon's recreation. After consulting his mother and gaining her permission, he placed himself, with a purse of bright silver ticals—probably twice the value of the submerged crockery—at one of the doors of the palace. Soon the poor man made his appearance, trembling with fear, expecting, no doubt, a severe reprimand, if nothing worse, for daring to cross the path of so great a personage as the son of his king. You may judge, then, his astonishment on hearing the little Prince say how sorry he was for the accident, and his still greater joy on being presented with more bright silver coins than he had probably ever seen at one time in his whole life.

When a few years older, Prince "Hair Pin" was one morning seated in his gilded sedan chair, and being borne in state to visit his mother's lotus gardens. The Queen was already in her lovely pavilion surrounded by her flowers, and eagerly expecting the arrival of the sons she loved so fondly, when to her amazement the youngest entered, heated and out of breath, as if he had been running for a wager instead of riding in a curtained sedan. Scarcely waiting to welcome her child, she turned in anger to his attendants, reproving them sharply for lack of care, and degrading the chamberlain from that hour from his position in the Prince's household. But the noble boy hastened to explain, and bravely took all the blame upon himself. On their way to the gardens the party had overtaken a poor man, who was sitting on the roadside to rest himself. He was old, sick, and nearly blind, a stranger, too, in the city, and very poor, as the Prince learned on inquiry. So down came the sweet child from his costly cushions, and compelling the old man to take his place, ordered his attendants to proceed, while he himself followed on foot. All this he eagerly explained to his mother, while his *protege* waited without; then obtaining her permission, he sent the stranger to the bath, supplied him with fresh clothing and a sumptuous dinner, and then directed his chamberlain to give him employment as a keeper of cattle. So he was kept till too old to work, after which he was still maintained as a member of the Prince's household. He died at the palace of his royal master at a good old age, and his last words were a blessing and a thanksgiving to his youthful benefactor.

There seemed to belong inherently to this Prince a gallantry that rendered him at all times kind and courteous to females. This was the more noticeable because in the East women are generally considered of very little consequence. A wife is never the equal of her husband in position, though she may be so by birth; and even a princess ranks lower than her brothers who are children of the same parents. But the little Chau Chudha Mani always treated his little sisters with thoughtful kindness, and in their childish games consulted their pleasures far more than his own. After he grew to manhood the same noble traits induced in him a courteous regard for the comfort and enjoyment of the ladies of his harem that was strikingly in contrast with the treatment received by other royal and noble ladies of the Siamese court.

He was the very first royal prince of Siam who ever condescended to introduce his wives to foreign visitors at his palace, and to permit them to sit at table with himself or by his side in the drawing-rooms. He more than once brought some of his ladies to dine at my house, and among them the mother of the present "second king" and her little son, Prince George Washington, as he was then called. This, too, was a privilege never before accorded to ladies of royal birth at that exclusive court; and I cannot begin to tell you how they enjoyed this peep at the outside

world, or how like frightened birds or glittering butterflies bewildered by the unaccustomed light they seemed at first. But they gradually grew familiar with this new phase of life, eagerly taking part in every recreation, and clapping their tiny, jewelled hands with childlike glee as they asked a thousand questions strange as unanswerable.

As Chau Chudha Mani grew to manhood, he more than fulfilled the rich promise of his early years. With few advantages of instruction, he mastered the English and Latin languages, studied Euclid and Newton with enthusiastic delight, learned the use of sextant and chronometer, and spent a part of almost every day in drawing and mathematics, astronomy, and navigation. He first taught himself watch-and clock-making, and then taught the art to others of his countrymen, who in due time constructed some excellent time-pieces, the first ever made in Siam. He cast guns and cannons by his own unaided skill; and finally, by patient and persevering energy, he substituted first-class ships and steamers for the miserable junks that had hitherto been known in the country. To this day all the wonderful improvements of that beautiful land owe their first impetus to this noble Prince. After reigning as second king for sixteen years, he died in 1866, universally regretted.

THE DEMON OF THE CUP.

[By Oliver Optic.]

I HAD been reading an Oriental tale of the fanciful order. It was a story of the genii, and I had been deeply interested in it. I was very comfortably situated in my room, and on the table was a glass containing the remains of a sherry cobbler I had just imbibed. It never occurred to me that these same sherry cobbles were dangerous companions for a young man, and I was in the habit of taking from three to a dozen of them per diem—three when I was going to see Lucy Sheldon, a particular friend of mine; and a dozen on the off days.

I turned the leaves of the magazine, but could find no other story that looked inviting: so I threw it down and sunk back in my rocking chair. Things had begun to look rather dim, and my own consciousness very indistinct, when my attention was attracted by a strange commotion in the glass from which I had partly consumed my sherry cobbler.

I glanced at it, and presently a long wreath of smoke or vapor rose from the cup and stretched itself over toward the farther corner of the room, just exactly as the clouds had preceded the appearance of the genii in the story I had been reading.

The vapor slowly, and apparently with malicious forethought, began to assume tangible shape, finally resolving itself in the form of as ugly a looking demon as I ever read about. He was monstrous in size, would probably have been twenty feet high if the room had been lofty enough.

"Who in the world are you?" I inquired, not at all pleased with my visitor.

"I am the Demon of the Cup," he replied, in a voice which seemed to shake the whole house.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," I continued.

"Yes, you have. You ate one of my best friends."

"I believe we never met before."

"A dozen times a day."

"Then you don't look as ugly as you do now, if you will excuse my boldness."

"No, I wear a pleasant face when I make the acquaintance of young gentlemen; but I thought it was about time we should be better acquainted. You don't know me yet. We will have a social time if you like."

"No. I thank you; I can't say I am much pleased with your society."

"At any rate, I shall introduce you to a few of my friends," he continued, as he waved his wand over the cup.

Instantly another curling cloud of smoke or vapor proceeded from the cup, which presently assumed the form of a decrepit, ragged, filthy old man. Of all that I had ever seen of wretchedness, squalor, and misery, the figure before me was the most fitting representative, only the degree of wretchedness seemed a hundred fold intensified.

"Who are you?" I demanded, as the old man moved towards me.

"My name is poverty."

"I should think it might be. What do you want here?"

"I just dropped in to be introduced to you, for you and I are likely to be friends."

"Indeed, old fellow, you are reckoning too fast. I keep only respectable company."

"Just now you do; but you will change your habits by-and-by."

"Don't be too familiar, if you please," I suggested, as the old chap drew a chair to my side, and seated himself.

"We are bound to be friends, young man. Did you ever read Emerson's works?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, sir, I am a representative man."

"You had better take yourself off, or I shall be under the necessity of kicking you down stairs."

"I don't mind that, I am used to it"

"Be civil to him," interposed the Demon. "He is one of us, and a good fellow in his way. He often brings men to their senses when nothing else will. But you have another friend," and again he waved his wand over the cup.

Again the vapor arose from the glass, and another form, more hideous than either of the others, appeared before me. I was alarmed at first at his savage expression and glaring eyes.

"Who are you?" I inquired, shrinking back from the loathsome monster.

"My name is Crime."

"Then you have been well named."

"I have work for you to do."

"I am too much engaged to assist you," I replied.

"Come, come, don't be stiff about it. I suppose you are not quite ready to help me yet, but I can bide my time, for I have a mortgage on you which in due season you must pay up."

"How do you like my friends?" asked the Demon.

"I don't like them."

"No!"

"The old fellow is not a convenient companion, and I don't like the morals of the other chap. His notions of mine and thine are too indefinite to suit my ideas."

"Indeed; you seemed so much inclined to make the acquaintance that I supposed you were anxious to number them among your friends."

"I!"

"Certainly; they belong in the cup. But there is one more you must know."

As he spoke, that smoke infernal curled up and resolved into the form of a woman. She was pale, haggard, and almost a skeleton. She was clothed in rags, and was a perfect picture of wretchedness and despair. There was nothing really hideous in her aspect, beyond the marks of poverty and want which she bore.

She turned and fixed a glance of reproach upon me, a glance which thrilled me to the soul. How I pitied the poor wretch as I turned away.

I looked again. Those features were familiar to me. I was shocked, horrified, as I recognized Lucy Sheldon in the dreadful figure before me.

"Lucy!" I exclaimed, with a start of horror.

"Oh, Robert!" she cried, in agony as she threw herself upon her knees before me. "Pity me! Pity our poor children! They are hungry, they are perishing with the cold. I am hungry, I am freezing, but I care not for myself. Pity them; save them."

"My God, Lucy!"

"Drink no more, Robert. You have reduced me to the most abject misery. Drink no more, as you pity me, if you do not love me?"

"Oh, Lucy! Does she too belong in the cup?" I asked, appealing to the Demon.

"She does; but for the present we keep her down in the mint and sugar. She will be one of us by-and-by," he replied with a grin.

"Robert! Robert!" groaned Lucy. "Promise me you will drink no more!"

"As God is my judge I will not," I cried, springing from my chair.

But there I stood in my chamber alone, and there on the table stood the glass from which my dreaming fancy had conjured up the Demon of the cup and his friends.

I reflected for a time and then threw the balance of the sherry cobbler into the grate. If the cup was the abode of such a wretched crew (and all my readers know that it is) I determined not to meddle with it again; and I have not.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

A CAPILLARY correspondence was recently attempted between a noted Parisian thief in durance vile and his comrades outside. The prisoner was sent a letter from his fiancée containing merely a lock of hair wrapped in the leaf of a book. The jailor did not consider the souvenir important enough to be delivered, but a few days after came a similar enclosure, and yet another. This aroused suspicion, and the Governor took the matter in hand. He examined the leaf of the book. It was only that of a common novel, twenty-six lines on a page. Then he studied the hair, and noticed the small quantity of the gift. Counting the hairs, he found them of unequal length, and twenty-six in number, the same as the lines of the page. Struck with the coincidence, he laid the hairs along the line of the page which they respectively reached, beginning at the top with the smallest hair. After some trouble he found that the end of each hair pointed to a different letter, and that these letters combined formed a slang sentence, which informed the prisoner that his friends were on the watch, and that the next time he left the prison to be examined, an attempt would be made to rescue him. The Governor laid his plan accordingly, the attempt at rescue was made, but the rescuers fell into their own trap.

MR. FRANK M. STOUT, a deaf and dumb young man, a graduate of the Illinois Institution, recently attempted to jump from a moving train on the Toledo, Wabash, and Western railroad, five miles out of Jacksonville, and was instantly killed. When he jumped, he was seen to land on his feet, and then pitched forward. He was a young man of good habits and amiable disposition.

THERE is a young deaf and dumb negro at Jackson, Tenn., only three feet high, who weighs 160 lbs.; and the remarkable thing about him is that nobody ever sees him eat.

THE SILENT WORLD.

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JOHN E. ELLEGOODPublisher.

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OUR subscribers who have received *unsigned* receipts as reminders of the expiration of their subscription, will please attend to them.

THE sixth biennial convention of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association will be held at Watertown, N. Y., on the 25th, 26th and 27th of August next. Among the good things promised in the programme are a lecture on "Marriage" by Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, and an excursion among the Thousand Islands. Mr. Fort Lewis Seliney, associate editor of *The Journal*, is to be the orator of the day; and there will be a religious service for deaf-mutes by Dr. Gallaudet, and an evening reception and re-union. The managers of the Association cordially invite all who can, to be in attendance and participate in the proceedings, and promise that no pains will be spared on their part to render the occasion one of general enjoyment and profit.

AFTER this date (July 1, 1875), the subscription price of THE SILENT WORLD will be \$1.10 per year in advance. This includes postage. When not paid in advance, \$1.50 will be charged. Those of our subscribers who have paid in advance at the old rate (\$1.50) will have the time of the expiration of their subscriptions extended in proportion to the length of time in advance they have paid. Thus: those whose subscriptions would expire January 1, 1876, will receive the paper until April 1, 1876, those whose subscriptions would expire October 1, 1875, will receive the paper until November 1, 1875, and a similar allowance will be made for all whose subscriptions extend beyond July 1, 1875. We have taken the trouble to send bills to all delinquent subscribers, and would particularly request that all in arrears will send the amount due without delay. By so doing they will save us a great deal of trouble in adjusting our books according to the change in the subscription price and themselves some expense, as we shall continue sending the paper until all arrears are paid at the rate of \$1.50 per year.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

THE NATIONAL HOME.

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD:

THE officers of the Building Committee deem it proper to publish in THE SILENT WORLD and other papers the replies of the principals of Deaf-mute schools to the Chairman's letters, in order to show their full sympathy with the object of their work.

INDIANA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,
Indianapolis, May 19th, 1875.

MR. JOHN CARLIN.

Dear Sir: Your favor of May 10th is duly received. I fully sympathize with your benevolent efforts and will at some suitable time soon present the matter to the deaf and dumb of our Institution and neighborhood. Should they conclude to take the matter up and do any thing for the cause, I will recommend that they confer with you on the subject.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS MAC INTIRE.

INST. FOR DEAF AND DUMB,
Washington, June 1st, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of May 13th was duly received. Our Ephpatha Sunday-school, which includes the students of the College and the pupils of the Primary Department, voted day before yesterday, to contribute the sum of \$25 towards the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

Mr. Hotchkiss, the Secretary of our Sunday-school, will remit you a check in a few days.

With kind regards to your wife and family, I remain

Yours very sincerely,

E. M. GALLAUDET.

JOHN CARLIN, Esq., New York.

WEST VA. INST. FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,
Romney, W. V., May 31st, 1875.

MR. JOHN CARLIN,

Chairman Committee Building Fund.

Dear Sir: Although three weeks have elapsed since your letter was received, calling for a collection in aid of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, and it has remained unanswered all this time, nevertheless we have been neither negligent nor idle. I placed the matter in the hands of one of our prominent deaf-mutes, who assure me you shall receive something at his hands at the close of the season.

Respectfully yours,

J. C. COVELL, Principal.

MYSTIC RIVER, CONN., May 19th, 1875.

MR. CARLIN,

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 15th inst. soliciting contributions to the Building Fund for the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes is received.

I would like to help on the enterprise, for I think it is a benevolent work, and one that may do much good, and I may possibly be able to contribute something by and by.

Our Home School for Deaf-mutes is still in its infancy, and much has to be expended, while but little is received. That compels me to practice the most rigid economy and deprives me oftentimes of the pleasure of giving to what I know to be worthy objects.

There are only ten pupils in our School at present.

With kind regards, yours truly,

Z. WHIPPLE.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION,
Halifax, N. S., May 31, 1875.

JOHN CARLIN, Esq.,

Chairman Com'tee B. F., Home for
Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

Dear Sir: I have your favor of the 12 inst. on behalf of the Building Fund for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, and beg to assure you of my entire sympathy with the object and my sincere desire for the success of your efforts. In March last I forwarded to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet a small contribution (Ten dollars) from the Institution toward the "Home," and hope to be able to send something again next year. Of course our's is a small and poor community and it is not much we can give, but what little we can do will be done cheerfully. And you know in these matters the Master's mood of approbation depends on "what a man hath, not what he hath not."

I should like to know something of the principles on which the "Home" is to be conducted. What are the terms of admission, &c? Would a deaf-mute from the British Provinces be eligible for admission, and on what conditions?

The favor of a few lines at your convenience will oblige

Yours very truly,

J. SCOTT HUTTON.

THE CHAIRMAN'S REPLY.

No. 212 WEST 25TH ST., NEW YORK, June 12th, 1875.

J. SCOTT HUTTON, ESQ.

My Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your very kind letter of the 31st, ultimo, and beg to tender to you our thanks for your deep interest in the object of our mission.

You express a wish to "know something of the principles on which the "Home" (National) is to be conducted, the terms of admission, and whether deaf-mutes from the British Provinces are eligible for admission." These inquiries I shall endeavour to answer, to your perfect satisfaction, trusting that the Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes will coincide with me in my views.

Permit me to premise that in framing the constitution and by-laws of the Church Mission, the framers, evidently not anticipating a very early erection of the National Home, did not add thereunto any rules by which it was to be governed; but since the formation of the Committee on the Building Fund, I have had occasional conversation with the General Manager of the said Mission, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in which some measures relative to the future management of the Home have been briefly considered. And I am happy to say that we agreed on all points, and decided to cause the by-laws of the Mission to be revised on the earliest occasion.

I shall now state a few of the propositions to be considered by the Trustees, in order to enable you to comprehend what you wish to know.

We propose that the Home shall be located in a healthy rural place, with a few acres of good land for a kitchen garden, which will be in charge of inmates able enough to superintend its cultivation. But a gift or bequest of a place of residence in any city or town eligible for the object in question, with an ample income for sustenance, will not be declined, in case the rural house is not already built.

Although the Church Mission, an Episcopal corporation, may take charge of the domestic and religious departments of the Home, its fund—such as may be raised solely for its benefit—should be religiously kept separate from that of the Mission. The reason therefor is that this prudent provision will in the event of their separation, render the sacredness of their respective missions intact and undisturbed by litigation.

The Home will always be open to applicants of all religions and nationalities. Here I beg to make a remark in reply to one of your inquiries, that one of the inmates of Dr. Gallaudet's present, temporary Home is a paralytic Irish subject of her Britannic Majesty, who—if I mistake not—has never been naturalized in this country, and also a deformed country-woman of his. Another inmate, a German paralytic, was not long since removed from that friendly shelter to the Insane Hospital on Blackwell Island, just opposite this city, on account of his alarming symptoms of insanity. Hence an inference may be drawn that foreigners, who happen to reside in our midst, will be admitted to the National Home, and that paralytics and cripples of sound mind and even tolerably good health, will be allowed to live there in order to enjoy the social and intellectual intercourse of deaf-mutes and to attend religious services in the Chapel.

Dr. Gallaudet is strongly opposed to the admission of native and foreign paupers and persons of vicious proclivities into that Asylum, and so are all those engaged in the work of ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate deaf-mutes.

And in reference to the terms of admission and other measures, those are a subject which demands careful and serious study while we are collecting funds for rearing in modest proportions one of the noblest institutions in the land.

Hoping for your co-operation, I am yours truly,

JOHN CARLIN, Chairman, B. F.

PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

C. AUG. BROWN, of Belfast, Maine, has been building up a new house of his own pattern or design, whose style elicits much admiration and comments from the people.

MR. TRIST and his wife, of Philadelphia, spent one week in Alexandria with his mother and sister, and left for Philadelphia June 26th, preparatory to their annual trip to Mount Desert, Maine.

MISS ANNIE B. BARRY, of Baltimore, a graduate of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, spent a few days in this city last week. Her father is the general business manager of *The Baltimore Gazette*.

DAVID S. ROGERS a teacher in the Iowa Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, arrived in this city to our surprise June 25th, and staid a few days and then left for South Carolina to visit his aged parents both deaf-mutes.

MISS CASSIE SMITH, a teacher in the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, spent two days in Washington city, two weeks ago, and left for Norfolk, Va., with a gentleman friend. She stopped at the house of her old friend and classmate, Mrs. Strong. Miss Smith and Mrs. Strong are graduates of the High Class of the New York Institution.

J. H. PURVIS, will open a store on Monday next, near Harlow's Hotel in Santa Fee, where he will remain for two weeks, for the sale of oval frames and photographic pictures. His stock will consist of a great variety of views and will be sold at very reasonable prices. Mr. Purvis is a deaf-mute and striving to gain a livelihood by an honorable course in his business. We trust our people will call and examine his stock. *The New Mexican* June 4th, 1875.

THE parents of Mr. Francis M. Staples, a graduate of old Hartford, whose marriage was announced in a late number of THE SILENT WORLD, celebrated their golden wedding, on the twenty-fifth of last April. In the fifty years during which the aged couple have lived happily together, they have reared a family of eight children, five of whom are now living. We do not know what better wish we can offer to Mr. Francis M. Staples and his bride than that they may live together as long and happily as their parents.

FLORENTINE BEGGARS.—Many years ago an ingenious plan was adopted by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to rid Florence of beggars. It was proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the Grand Square at a time mentioned would be provided with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city assembled, and the Grand Duke, causing all the avenues of the square to be closed, compelled them to strip off their clothes, and gave each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a fine bridge over the Arno; and the city, for the time being, was relieved of the beggars, by which it had been previously overrun, as none would give anything to the well-dressed individual who implored charity.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed a bright little Boston girl to her mother, as she saw Gen. Butler pass by with his division on Thursday, "there's our Parian marble match safe on horseback."

NAPOLÉON AND THE GRENADIER.

THE following anecdote of the first Napoleon was related by an Englishman, who was a considerable time in the French military service, and who vouches for its authenticity:

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking *incognito* through the camp, and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a grenadier of the Guard, who was roasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roast potato above all things," said the Emperor to the Marshal; "ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward and said, "They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier, "and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two napoleons if you will sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I shall be killed, perhaps, to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," answered the grenadier, "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you can set your own price," said Napoleon. "Come, I am hungry, and have not eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself," repeated the grenadier; "besides all that, do you think I don't know you, in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I, then?" inquired Napoleon.

"Bah!" said the grenadier; "the Little Corporal, as they all call you. Am I right?"

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier; "but if you would have me come and dine with you when we get back in Paris, you may sup with me to-night?"

"Done!" said Napoleon: "on the word of a little corporal—on the word of an emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones; the rest I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking:

"The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

Two months afterward Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the Tuileries, and was just sitting down to dine when word was brought to him that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying he had been invited by the Emperor.

"Let him come in," said his Majesty.

The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the Emperor:

"Do you remember once having supped with me off my roast potatoes?"

"Oh! is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the Emperor; and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms, and said:

"A grenadier of the Guards does not eat with lackeys. Your Majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain, and trusting to your word I have come hither."

"True, true," said the Emperor; "lay a cover near me. Lay aside your arms, *mon ami*, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went to his usual place, took up his carbine, and, turning to the Emperor, presented arms.

"A mere private," said he, "ought not to dine at the table of his emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon. "I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company of Guards."

"Thank you heartily," returned the soldier. *Vive l'Empereur!* he shouted, and then withdrew.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MISSISSIPPI.

THIS Institution closed its session on Friday, the 11th of June. On the preceding day a public examination was held, which was attended by a number of the citizens of Jackson, including several representatives of the press. The papers speak well of all the classes, and of the management of the Institution.

MINNESOTA.

THE first death in the history of our Institution occurred on May 29, and was the result of an accident. Ada Jenks, the little girl who died, had a tumor on the back of her head, which had troubled her from infancy. While gathering flowers near the Institution, she fell, injuring the tumor so severely that death resulted in two days. This occurrence, so new to the pupils, impressed many of them deeply, showing, as it did in a forcible manner, that "there is but a step between life and death." Ada was fourteen years old. She was not intelligent and made slow progress in her studies, yet she was universally esteemed for her peaceable disposition and quiet, gentle ways. One of the little girls remarked, after her death, that Ada used to come every evening and kiss her before going to bed, and many other little incidents were related, proving her kindness of heart.

The late examinations were probably more strict and thorough than ever before. The result was satisfactory, showing that almost all the pupils are making steady, and in many cases very rapid progress in their studies—especially in language—by far the most important of all.

The teachers are to be widely separated during vacation, two of them going to Maine, one to England, one to New York, one to Ohio, and the other two remaining in Minnesota.

D. H. C.

THE annual closing exercises of the Minnesota State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, located in this city, occurred yesterday afternoon. It was naturally an occasion of as much interest to the unfortunate inmates of this Institution as "Commencement Day" to the graduates of colleges, and it was well worth the brief time of a visit to be able to witness the play of the emotions in the countenances of those who are limited to the sign-language for the expression of their ideas. The increasing popularity of the Institution and growth of the State were indicated by the full ranks of pupils that nearly filled the chapel in the south wing.

The compositions of the pupils were for the most part original, and while all were creditable, considering the disabilities under which the pupils labor, some would have reflected honor upon those of equal age who have full possession of all the faculties.

Misses Jennie C. Cramer and Florence A. Cole recited a poem on page 102 of "Song for the New Life," commencing "Holy Father, Thou hast taught me," &c. This was most gracefully delivered in the sign-language, and interpreted by Mr. Noyes.

Some of the recitations above referred to were interpreted orally by Mr. Downing, and one by Mr. Carroll, a semi-mute teacher.

The graduates of the Institution were now called forward, and received their diplomas. Their names were as follows:

Julia F. Ashley, Jennie C. Cramer, Catharine Coffey, Florence A. Cole, Nancy Coulthart, William E. Dean, George E. Crane, Nils Estenson, Michael J. O'Reilly, David J. O'Reilly, Michael Harty, William S. Durose, William F. Nass.

Mr. Noyes, Superintendent of the Institution, then addressed the graduates.

Mr. Noyes stated that two monitors were appointed from among the pupils at the commencement of the term for the boys and girls respectively, to keep a record of their general deportment out of school-hours. Their report showed that thirty-nine boys, or more than one-half, had passed the entire year without receiving a mark, and thirty-one of the forty girls.

The exercises were then closed with the recitation of the Lord's Prayer in the sign-language, a graceful young lady leading, and the pupils all joining.

The next term will begin September 8th.

The Institution, so far as a visitor can judge from the public exercises, is in a state of admirable efficiency, and the attachment of the pupils to Mr. Noyes and his excellent assistants is very manifest. *Faribault (Minn.), Republican.*

NEW YORK.

THE Tarrytown special train on the Hudson River Railroad had several extra coaches crowded with passengers yesterday, and every third person was talking the sign-language of deaf-mutes. At the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb the train stopped, and the passengers hurried up the hill to the Institution, where a smiling throng awaited them. The passengers were graduates and friends of the Institution, and seemed glad to be there. There were warm greetings, hearty hand-shakings, and much kissing among the girls, and yet hardly a sound was heard. Fingers took the place of tongues, and much talking was done. After luncheon the visitors assembled in the chapel to witness the fifty-sixth commencement exercises of the school.

Dr. Peet, the Principal, said that the Institution had taught nearly 2,500 pupils since its founding, and the teachers had always endeavored to instruct them never to become objects of charity, but to be self-supporting, self-reliant citizens.

An illustration of "visible speech," according to Prof. Bell's system, as taught by Miss Carrie E. Hanley of this city, was then given. The system consists of representing the movements of the different organs of speech by symbols on the black board, and the pupils following the symbols learn to articulate distinctly. Two young ladies, who had received only sixteen hours instruction, pronounced audible words like "cat," and "that" and the sentence, "I am happy to see you, father and mother." The words could easily be understood, but their voices sounded strange, and in one case hardly human.

Bernard Clark, a young man of about twenty, who lost his hearing when a child, delivered the salutatory address vocally, which was a wonderful feat for a man who has not heard a sound for years. Dr. Samuel Hall, the Secretary of the Seaman's Friend Society, read a report of the examination of the High Class, which Dr. Peet translated to the pupils. Six pretty girls, gracefully attired, put well written themes on topics in astronomy on the black board, and Martin Brown gave a "demonstration of Processes in Human Physiology," with a model, showing an accurate knowledge of that branch of science. Then eight young men wrote answers to miscellaneous questions proposed by the audience.

After Jonathan H. Eddy gave the valedictory, in the sign language, sixty diplomas were awarded. John C. Cottman received the Cary Testimonial, for sustaining the best moral character during the last three years. Ella Dillingham received the prize for the best linear drawing, and James E. Doren the prize for improvement in sign-language. The gold medal for superiority in all the studies of the High Class was awarded to Jonathan H. Eddy.—*New York Sun.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

COSTLY furniture—Indian bureaus.

The rival railroads will soon be issuing chromos.

The Snake Run Academy is the name of an Indiana school. The scholars must all be adders.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

An Illinois woman who wanted to go to a masquerade party as Mary, Queen of Scots, looked through the Bible to ascertain how he character was dressed.

A kind-hearted, peace-loving Baltimore man painted his front steps twenty-three times trying to please his wife, and then she decided that the first color was the best.

A lunatic asylum of Nice was recently burned, and the inmates went wild with delight. They walked into the flames, whooping and hurrahing like young revelers at a banquet. Several were burned to death before they could be rescued.

If you cut the back legs of your chairs two inches shorter than the front ones, the fatigue of sitting will be greatly relieved and the spine placed in better position.

A man left a bony steed in the street, and on coming back discovered that a wag had placed a card against the fleshless ribs, bearing the notice, "Oats wanted. Inquire within."

While some school boys in Littleton, N. H., were playing ball recently, a ball batted by one of them struck a swallow in the air and brought him down as suddenly as if hit with a bullet.

A literary ice-cart driver, who has been annoyed by children who have been in the habit of pilfering his ice, now displays as a warning: "N. B." He thinks they will understand that that means "Take Not-ice!"

A California octogenarian had buried three wives whose maiden names were Green, Grass and Groze. He stirred up the fire with kerosene the other day, and now he lies in the cold, cold grave, and the green grass grows above him.

Two years ago, a Pennsylvania servant girl was sent to prison for stealing \$200 from her employer. The money was found the other day where he had hidden it, and now the man offers the girl \$6 as recompense, while she is willing to settle for ten thousand.

In an omnibus recently a boy made a sudden grab among the straw, caught something, and then inquired: "Who's lost a nickel?" Four men held out their hands to him, and four more wanted to, but felt ashamed. There was a painful pause, and the boy unclasped his hand and exhibited a button.

The Carthaginians had greenbacks. Their paper money consisted of pieces of leather bearing their mark, but valueless out of Carthage. All leather and hide money bits, without intrinsic value, may justly be set down as paper money; but at one time a whole hide passed current as money, and was just as valuable as the real silver or gold stuff, though inconvenient to carry about in the pocket.

Twenty years ago, says the Brooklyn *Argus*, a poor boy, after attentively perusing the life of Lord Nelson, secretly left his parents' roof with a pocket-knife, a sandwich, and a bunch of twine as his sole capital, resolving to go to sea and become an admiral. Five miles away from home, this brave, ambitious lad was kicked into a duck-pond by an exasperated mule, and he is now one of the wealthiest and most devoted agriculturists in the State of New York.

Jay Cooke is credited with this mode of fishing at Put-in-Bay, for a description of which all lazy fishermen will be thankful: "He had a large glass jar, filled with minnows, in the place which he frequented. The big fishes would swarm around the jar, seeing their coveted prey and hungry for the expected feast. He would drop his hook among them, and haul out the victims of his novel delusion with the utmost ease and readiness, until tired of the unsportsmanlike sport."

Massachusetts still has a law which provides that "whoever travels on the Lord's day, except from necessity of charity, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$10 for every offence." The statute is practically a nullity, no punishment such as it authorizes having been inflicted within many years; but it makes all Sunday travel unlawful, and consequently no damages can be recovered for injuries received on highways or railroads on Sunday, unless proof can be introduced that the travelling was for necessity or charity.

MARRIED.

Mr. O. W. FULLER, of North Turner, Me., a graduate of the "Old Hartford Asylum," and Miss AMELIA JONES, of Franklin, Indiana, a graduate of the Indiana Institution, by Rev. Mr. Dodson, on the 23d of May, 1875.

Mr. OSCAR MERRILL, of Lower Mount Bethel, Penn., and Miss EMMA E. GORDON, of Milford, Penn., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. E. F. Biscoe, on the 19th of January, 1875.

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2 mos.....	2 00	3 50	5 00	8 00	14 00
5 times.....	2 25	4 00	5 75	9 00	16 00
3 mos.....	2 50	4 50	6 50	10 00	18 00
7 times.....	2 75	5 00	7 25	12 00	21 00
4 mos.....	3 00	5 50	8 00	14 00	24 00
9 times.....	3 25	6 00	8 75	15 00	27 00
5 mos.....	3 50	6 50	9 25	17 00	30 00
11 times.....	3 75	7 00	10 00	19 00	32 00
6 mos.....	4 00	7 50	10 75	20 00	35 00
9 ".....	5 50	9 00	13 00	25 00	42 00
12 ".....	7 00	10 50	16 00	30 00	50 00

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